"a righteous tap on the veil"

grasshopper, you'll be a master soon.

urge overkill. am i right?

paradoxically, I'm actually quite hilarious at a demostrably superior ratio to the average hyper intellectual's intelligence to eloquence benevolence.

if it were not for unreckless negilgence

the veil would be sediment.

sir, veils are for tales.

I'm trying to call heads.

What do you mean that's what

avails above the tails?

I'd like to speak to a man, ager.

One who doesn't get old,

apparently?

What am I saying?

I have know idea where

this would go if I knew where to take it.

To be fair, as much as I love to love to love your complete answers- I haven't read anything beyond the first paragraph of your response to the line I began this

in quotation.

what I think it means to me, before I go back up and read what else you revealed in your answer, which I am excited to return and complete in a sec-

i thinks that:

safety must be a secured ass-sit of certitude without complacence.

meaning that, the more you "know"

the less you "Im not sure"

and that's the best

value next to "yes".

...

(the second message, more poetic)

...

I can't get over the fact that this repository of our conversation it's going to be available to anyone with the ability to find it, and somehow I feel reticent to advertise it or market it.

I do believe in the sanctity of knowledge is forever is in being preserved by those mature enough to wield it responsibly, especially when embodied with a warm embrace for the consequences of misguided knowledge converted into a lack, or unwillingness, to exercise ability.

This is a disability to my "willy-nillity".

I suppose, to pose response in prose

that flows the way it goes. if I have excuse, this should depose what no one knows.

"What he's waiting on?"

How would I know?

I found by the way the water flows with

no reservations, myself be dammed.

I've no idea what's next,

or what I can expect is left

to reveal if right or wrong.

Or how I'll find my way back home.

The path of my resistance

fights gravity, not persistence

Though not by choice I'm patient

Impulsive not complacent

seemingly adjacent to

enactments and engagements

that outwit or at least outweigh

instinctively the statements

keeping me grounded.

It's quite confounded the

more you're around it,

I'm afraid.

There's an answer to "why" in the middle of all that "what the hell". Or, at least it ended with the truth. I always get around to it, since I'm always around it, too.